



The Investiture  
of Honorary  
Chief Eagle Ribs  
(Pit-ta-pi-kis)





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THE INVESTITURE OF  
HON. CHIEF EAGLE RIBS





THE INVESTITURE  
OF  
JAMES MUIR, D.C.L.  
PRESIDENT OF  
THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA  
AS  
HON. CHIEF EAGLE RIBS  
IN THE  
BLOOD INDIAN TRIBE  
BLACKFOOT CONFEDERACY

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*A ceremony at the Sun Dance Festival,  
Belly Buttes, Alberta, July 28th, 1954*

## *Dramatis Personae*

**JAMES MUIR, D.C.L.** (Bishops), Freeman of the Royal and Ancient Burgh of Peebles, President of The Royal Bank of Canada; a Director of The Canadian Pacific Railway, Standard Brands Inc. (New York), The Scotsman Publications Ltd, Edinburgh, and Vice-President of Montreal Trust Co., Governor of Lower Canada College; Governor of Royal Victoria Hospital; Governor of the Royal Edward Laurentian Hospital, Governor of Montreal General Hospital; Life Governor of Verdun Protestant Hospital and Chairman of the Finance Committee; Past-President of the Canadian Association for Adult Education.

**THE VENERABLE ARCHDEACON S. H. MIDDLETON, B.Sc., F.D., D.D.**, sometime Missionary of the Church of England in Canada to the Blood Indians and Principal of St. Paul's Residential School on the Blood Reservation, Honorary Chief Mountain, better known to his friends as "Canon"—a title to which he attained during his nearly fifty years service to the Indians. He preached his first sermon in Blackfoot in 1909. Though now living in "retirement" at Fort Macleod, Canon Middleton is still active. He carried through to completion the setting up of the Waterton-Glacier Peace Park, and officiated at its 22nd Anniversary celebration in 1954. His lectures before historical and other learned societies attract much attention.

**HEAD CHIEF SHOT-ON-BOTH-SIDES** was born in 1873, the worthy descendant of a long line of famous warriors, son of Crop-Fared-Wolf and grandson of the noted brave and leader Red Crow. The robe of Head Chief fell about his shoulders at the death of his father in 1913. Now the aged repository of the mythology and folk-lore of his people, he has passed through the occult Horn Society eight times, through the Black Seizers twice, and through the Doves, the Braves, the Crazy Dogs, the Crow Carriers and the Mosquitoes. He is a wise and cautious administrator, a lover of his people, and an ardent admirer and friend of his white colleagues.

**CHIEF JOHN COTTON**, officiating chief in the investiture ceremonial. He officiated similarly at the inauguration of Viscount Alexander as Honorary Chief Eagle Head

CHIEF PERCY CREIGHTON, official interpreter, who put into English for the great audience the invocations and exhortations of the officiating chief, spoken in the sibilant but stirring Blackfoot language.

HONORARY CHIEF E. R. McFARLAND (Heavy Shields), President of the Kainai Chieftainship. This society, its numbers limited to thirty-five, is a Tribal Body of the Blood Indians, devoted to increasing the wellbeing of the tribe through education of the young people. A prospective member is selected for his devotion to Canada and his services to the Indians. His name is proposed to the Head Chief and Council by one active and one Honorary Chief. The Bloods are jealous of maintaining their prestige among the North American Indians, and only known pre-eminence in seeking Canada's welfare can win for a man a place in this exclusive Chieftainship.

### *The Scene*

The Sun Dance camp at Belly Buttes, the tribe's holy of holies, during the annual Sun Dance Festival in the heart of the five hundred and fifty square mile Blood Indian Reservation. Here are the Sand Hills, (*Spotsa-Kustapo*) the Happy Hunting Grounds, where the spirits of the departed pursue an endless career and the living come every year for the sacred rites attending the Sun Dance.

### *The Tribe*

The Bloods are Canada's top-drawer first citizens. While other tribes have sold huge portions of their reserves, the Bloods have refused to surrender one square foot of the original territory granted them by their treaty with the Great White Mother, Queen Victoria. A tempting offer was made a few years ago, in which an eastern ranching company offered in exchange for 90,000 acres a cash subsidy, generous rations of food and clothing, annual payments in dollar bills to every Indian. The Council sat in solemn conclave, listened to the tempting proposal, and then Head Chief Shot-on-Both-Sides arose with the Indians' answer. He scraped with his right hand a handful of soil, and with his left plucked some spears of grass, and proclaimed: "In my right hand I hold our land; in my left is the grass grown thereon. We will not sell our land to the white man, but we will sell to him the hay which our land produces!"



BE WISE, AND PERSEVERE

## THE INVESTITURE OF HON. CHIEF EAGLE RIBS

By KEN LIDDELL\*

**T**HE green foothills down in the southwestern corner of Alberta blended into the haze that is a halo for the Canadian Rockies on a warm summer day, and there was a touch of the Scottish countryside about what this distinguished man saw as he looked to the distance.

Then James Muir turned and walked across the buffalo grass.

With him were an old Indian in a wheelchair and a bent old lady hobbling along beside the wheelchair, and behind them were others, tall and erect men, young and old, in beaded buckskins and bright feathers.

So together, Indian and white man, they

\*Written specially for this book by Ken Liddell, Staff Feature Writer of *The Calgary Herald*.

walked across the buffalo grass to where stood an old hay-rack, festooned in bunting.

The Union Jack and the Canadian Ensign flew from the corners of this hay-rack and under the flags stood four men of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, their scarlet tunics brilliant against the blue sky.

James Muir, 42 years ago an immigrant lad to this country which he has seen and helped become a nation and a leader in the councils of the world, stepped to this hay-rack.



And so as bronzed figures beat their sticks against the hides of calf and dogskins stretched tightly into drums, James Muir was adopted by the Blood Indians, of the great Blackfoot Confederacy, and into the brotherhood of Kainai Chieftainship, Canada's most unusual and certainly one of her most exclusive orders.

And as they accepted him, in tribute to his leadership but more particularly to his humanitarianism, they gave him the name Eagle Ribs, from the great bird that flies high and from the bone that is emblematic of endurance.

Then the Indians raised their brown arms to the blue sky and chanted, "give our brother a long, prosperous life, and good luck all his life" and as he spoke to them, a catch in his voice, Chief Eagle Ribs said, "I was born in a land far across the sea, Scotland, where we have an age-old reputation for bravery and hardihood. But even in that land of courage and stamina my childhood days were brightened by reading of the glamour and the power to endure, the true deep piety and the stories of the way of life of the North American Indians."

In the wheelchair in which he had been trundled from his tepee, the little old man who is Chief Shot-on-Both-Sides, the head chief of the Bloods, smiled. And so did the little bent old lady who is his wife, and his minor chiefs looked to the old man with respect.

For on the breast of Shot-on-Both-Sides' faded blue uniform jacket was a row of medals and biggest among them was one given in 1877 by the great white mother, Queen Victoria, to Red Crow, the chief who in that year had signed Treaty No. 7 by which the Bloods had peacefully ceded their vast empire to the white man.



The big medal commemorating that great day had been handed down from head chief to head chief and today it is in the safekeeping of Head Chief Shot-on-Both-Sides and that is good, for Red Crow was his grandfather.

Shot-on-Both-Sides' tired brown eyes have seen much in this changing world, and in his thin, spent body with the twisted fingers and shaking legs, there is one of the last of Western Canada's colourful chiefs, one who has retained the pagan beliefs of his fathers.



In the fall of 1951 Chief Shot-on-Both-Sides took to his sick bed. He went to the hospital for a spell but would not stay. He wanted to be back in his log-home on the reserve. So they took him home. Until he came to the Sun Dance grounds this day to welcome James Muir as Chief Eagle Ribs, only once before had he left his home and that was to go to Calgary to greet Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh when they toured Canada before the Queen's coronation.

Shot-on-Both-Sides' constant companion is his wife, a woman of 86 to whose deeply lined face



*Head Chief Shot-on-Both-Sides with his newly initiated  
Honorary Chief Eagle Ribs, in the ceremonial tepee.*

the years and sun and wind have given the appearance of finely tooled leather of copper hue. When visitors call at their home in the fastness of the foothills, the Chief and his wife inquire about such friends as Viscount Alexander, who during his term as governor-general of Canada was made an honorary chief of the Bloods.



The children of the camps used buffalo ribs for sleigh runners when Chief Shot-on-Both-Sides was born in a tepee near what is now High River, Alberta. In his name there is the mythology that is so much a part of the Indians of today. It was handed to him from the grandfather of his father who had been in a skirmish with the enemy in the days when the Indians carried on war in their own way. As he rode through battle, arrows had flashed along each side of him, so his battle name became Shot-on-Both-Sides.

It was in 1913 that Chief Shot-on-Both-Sides became titular head of the Bloods, and that was good, too. For the young people would go to him to hear his advice and listen to his stories and he would tell them of the things of which his people

talked when darkness came to the land and they sat at the campfires before the tepees.

Among those who were at Stand Off with James Muir that day were some who had visited Chief Shot-on-Both-Sides in his home tepee and they, too, could tell stories of Indian mythology. They could tell of a home with linoleum covered floor on which there were two flat stones with cavities in the centre. One was used as a place to rest pipes that were hot from smoking. The other to burn sweetgrass for purification, for Chief Shot-on-Both-Sides had embraced no church of those who had come to educate his people.

And they could tell of the oddity of an alarm clock beside the stones, but of which there was no particular significance, except, perhaps, that time, as it does for all men in all manner of homes, was running out for this man who is the head of 2,000 people and for whom a prairie shack is his castle.

He knows that boyhood friends who sat around the camp-fires when the land was open and free and not laced by a corset of fences are now, like himself, the old folks. He believes

those who are the young people of today will become more and more like their white brothers and it is to the Kainai Chieftainship and to people like the man whom he honored this day at Stand Off that he looks for leadership and advice for their development.



Like its peoples, the country is growing older, and there are few who remember Stand Off, to which the Bloods go for their Sun Dance, as an important police post some 30 miles south of Fort Macleod in southwestern Alberta.

It was to this place of historic name that the Kainai Chieftains took James Muir.

They headed toward the Belly Buttes, their cars making their own trails across the buffalo grass. Before them, high on a knoll, was the circle of tepees, for the Bloods were gathering for their annual Sun Dance. They were taking time from their haying, their stock tending and their worries over rain for their crops, to engage in this festive occasion which one writer so aptly described as not exactly Christian but certainly sincere religion.

Each year the various tribes gather at their traditional Sun Dance grounds. The ceremony varies from tribe to tribe, but the principle is the same. In essence today it is a form of thanksgiving, a means of acknowledging to the Maker-Of-All-Things their thanks for the green grass and the things of nature that are so much a part of their lives.

For the Sun Dance camp, the tepees are staked in a circle. The east and west sides are marked for the passage of the sun across the sky and in centre of the circle is the dance lodge and its Tree of Life. On the branches, coloured cloth symbolizes the offerings. There is dancing night and day and there is some fasting. The sun itself is not worshipped. The sun is the symbol of the Creator. Symbols dominate the ritual. There is the symbol of the eagle, which approaches the sun, and of the buffalo which meant life. The mystic pilgrimage of Scar-face—Uk-ki—to the Sun-Lodge is recorded in signs, tokens and symbols.

It was upon such a deeply moving occasion for them that the Bloods welcomed James Muir, a man who was born far away in the Vale of Lyne



*"Here is your new Chief", proclaimed Chief Cotton. "Let him be known from this time on as 'Chief Eagle Ribs'."*

on the outskirts of Peebles, Scotland. Before they made their way to the hay-rack which was the platform, the party visited the decorated tepee of Chief Shot-on-Both-Sides, where the ten minor chiefs, squatting cross-legged on the green grass, were introduced.

While the drums beat their strange but melodic *boom, boom, boom*, the party walked slowly to the platform, the pace set by the wheelchair of the head chief. Indians and white visitors were grouped before the platform and the colourful dress of the chiefs and honorary chiefs was like a spectrum before them.



A man who has spent a lifetime among the Bloods, who have given him the name Chief Mountain but address him affectionately as "Canon," Venerable Archdeacon S. H. Middleton presented Mr. Muir to Chief John Cotton who stood tall and erect, stripped to a loin-cloth. The drums rolled their call over the hills and sweat glistened on the wind- and sun-tanned skins of the drummers. As the echoes died away Archdeacon Middleton completed his introduction of a man who "is one of Canada's great sons,



a great humanitarian interested in education and, sir, liked for yourself.”



Sitting on the grass, before the wheelchair of Head Chief Shot-on-Both-Sides and with such noted Bloods as Chief Percy Creighton, Chief Morris Many Fingers and Chief Jack Hind Bull beside him, Mr. Muir faced Chief John Cotton.

Slowly Chief Cotton, a colourful figure with his hair in braids, manipulated the sacred pigments according to ancient ritual. He prayed to the Great Spirit for guidance. With solemn demeanour he anointed the arms and face of his new brother. Each stroke was a coloured symbol of the sun, the moon and their offspring, the morning star.

“Ai-yo Kinoen” (Our Father) chanted the Medicine Man — “give our friend strength, courage and wisdom. May he have a long and happy life.” The beautiful head-dress of eagle feathers was placed upon Mr. Muir’s head and Chief Percy Creighton raised his arms and said “he is an outstanding Canadian and shall be known to all as Chief Eagle Ribs.” Then as he

touched foreheads with Head Chief Shot-on-Both-Sides and Chief John Cotton, there was passed to Chief Eagle Ribs the wisdom of the Indian.

Then, from the singers and dancers came a jubilant chant of victory, and the drums rose to a crescendo, acknowledging and welcoming the new Chief.



From one hand to another, hands that alternated in their colours, there was passed the traditional peace-pipe with its long stem.

The drummers beat their drums, the big drums of calfhide and the small drums of doghide and in the circle young men in beaded garb, their faces streaked with paint, danced the Chicken and the Owl dances. They made music with bells on their feet and arms as they shuffled and stamped and delicately pointed their toes in the dances handed down to them by their forefathers who somewhere back in the years had learned the dances from the very birds themselves.

And Mr. Muir reminded the Indians of their far-flung fame, told them of his great respect for

them. He told them of the interest with which he had followed their lives from his story-book days. Indeed, the first prize he ever won at school was a book telling of the exploits of the Indians. To this day his interest had continued, although he never dreamed that some day he would be accepted by them as an honorary chief.



Ernest McFarland, who is known as Honorary Chief Heavy Shields, of Lethbridge, presented Mr. Muir with a scroll of membership in the Kainai Chieftainship which is one of Canada's most exclusive clubs with its headquarters in the community hall of the Blood Indian Reserve at Cardston.

It is an organization that meets but twice a year, its membership composed of leading citizens of the commonwealth. The membership is restricted to 35 living persons and all are honorary chiefs of the Bloods, who, in turn, restrict the number of whites they will have as honorary chiefs at one time to the same number.

The Kainai Band—a dream for years of Archdeacon Middleton's—was organized in 1950. It is purely altruistic. It is non-sectarian and

non-political. It has no particular programme except in a general way to do for the Bloods what the government is unable to do and what the church cannot do. It has accomplished much. It has outfitted the church school bands, bought workshop equipment for the Anglican and Roman Catholic schools on the reserve. The members voluntarily subscribe whatever amount they wish once a year to help their Blood brothers.

Names of men in all walks of life are among the 35 living members of the Kainai Band. There is Viscount Alexander of Tunis; Vincent Massey, the governor-general of Canada; Hon. J. J. Bowlen, lieutenant-governor of Alberta; Alberta's Premier E. G. Manning and Newfoundland's Premier J. W. Smallwood; The Earl of Bessborough and the Duke of Windsor. There is Herman Linder, a Cardston rancher and one-time world's champion bronc rider, and Most Rev. L. R. Sherman, Lord Archbishop of Rupert's Land; John Fisher, the radio commentator; Rt. Hon. James G. Gardiner, federal minister of agriculture; Col. S. T. Wood, retired commissioner of the R.C.M.P., and Rod Cameron, a Hollywood movie actor.

It was into such democratic company that James Muir, Montreal, president of the Royal Bank of Canada, was welcomed. It was his third signal honour in three years. In 1952 he received the freedom of his home town, Peebles, and in 1953 he was invested honoris causa with the D.C.L. degree by Bishop's University, Lennoxville, Que.

Those were honours for a man who entered the Commercial Bank of Scotland in Peebles, Scotland, as an apprentice at 15. He studied under the Institute of Bankers, Scotland, passed his qualifying examinations at Edinburgh University to become an associate of the institute in 1909. Two years later he came to Canada as an immigrant, entered service of The Royal Bank of Canada at Moose Jaw, Sask., in 1912, willing to start again on the bottom rung as a junior clerk. But his learning and his initiative quickly revealed themselves, and in 1949, after passing through every position The Royal Bank offered, he was appointed president.



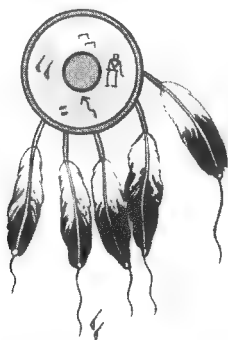
The chiefs of the Bloods met in council and considered those things. They considered, too,



*Beautiful in her white soft skin dress, decorated with dyed porcupine quills and with coloured beads, Vivian, granddaughter of Chief Davis, serves Chief Morris Many Fingers and Honorary Chief Eagle Ribs.*

Mr. Muir's public service. They considered his interests in education and health and his love of Canada. And having considered those things they extended to him the hand of friendship and brotherhood.

And having accepted that friendly hand, Mr. Muir broke bread with them in a tepee. He presented to them gifts that included two Hudson Bay point blankets for Head Chief Shot-on-Both-Sides and his wife. It was a thoughtful gesture. In those bygone years it was others from Scotland who came to Canada to explore and to make firm friends with the Indians. And in their dealings with them they used point blankets that brought true warmth from the winds of winter.



On this day of his investiture,  
Mr. Muir said to the Indian Chiefs:

*"I never dreamed, even in my most hopeful moments, that such an honour would come to me as you have bestowed upon me in this impressive and heart-stirring ceremony today; the great honour you have paid to me in accepting me in your select body of Honorary Chiefs.*

*"When Chief Cotton, in behalf of Head Chief Shot-on-Both-Sides, titular head of this great tribe of ancient lineage and unbounded achievement in war and peace, marked me with the sacred paint, and transferred this ancient symbol, the war-bonnet, from his head to mine, I truly felt that this was an exceptional honour with which life has favoured me."*



*The medicine men perform their ritualistic dances.*





## “FOR OUR WHITE BROTHER”

*Excerpts from the petition by Chief John Cotton  
at the initiation of Mr. Muir. Translated from the  
Blackfoot language by Archdeacon Middleton.*

OUR FATHER, who lives above. Help me and pity me. Give me wisdom that I may not say and do evil things. I am praying to you from the goodness of my heart. I am praying to you for our white brother who has come from a long distance, to take part with us in the solemn ceremony of being received into our tribe. He is a man of wisdom, give him greater knowledge. He has a kind heart, add to his strength. O God above look down upon us. We are hungry for thy holy words. Bless all the people who came here today. Give to our white friend good health, a strong heart, much strength, and a long and happy life. We thank thee O God above for bringing him into our Tribe.

KIN-NAI—I have finished.

## **\*Muir Says Induction "Outstanding Occasion"**

### **BANK HEAD GUEST AT BANQUET**

"I should be something less than human if at this moment I did not feel a certain amount of emotion," James Muir, president of The Royal Bank of Canada, said Wednesday evening at a banquet celebrating his investiture as an honorary chief of the Blood Indian tribe.

Earlier in the day, Mr. Muir had been named Chief Eagle Ribs at a ceremony on the Blood reserve near Stand Off.

"This has been one of the outstanding occasions of my life. One I hope I shall always understand how to appreciate," Mr. Muir said, in reply to a toast proposed to him by E. R. McFarland, president of the Kainai Chieftainship, the association of honorary Blood chiefs.

"The Kainai welcomes him. Canada accepts him," Mr. McFarland said in giving the toast. He then read messages of congratulations from such men as the Right Honourable Vincent Massey, Governor-General of Canada; J. J. Bowlen, Lieutenant-Governor of Alberta; John Fisher, noted Canadian radio commentator; Air Commodore W. E. Kennedy, commanding officer of the RCAF station at Claresholm during the war; James Cross, Calgary industrialist, and Rod Cameron, Hollywood movie star, most of whom are honorary members of the tribe.

**\*Reprinted from *The Lethbridge Herald*.**

Venerable Archdeacon S. H. Middleton of Fort Macleod, general-secretary of the Kainai chieftainship, praised Mr. Muir for the work his bank had done in furthering the cause of the Canadian Indian.

He mentioned a long essay which had been prepared and distributed by the bank and had been read before a joint session of the House of Commons and the Senate.

Middleton Speaks:

In responding to the toast to "The Redmen, past, present and future," proposed by Mr. Muir, Archdeacon Middleton said, "I have always esteemed the character of the redman, and I always will."

He told of coming to Alberta in the "real, primitive missionary days . . . before we realized it we were living under different conditions and making another era in Indian history."

To reach the top of the ladder of success, Archdeacon Middleton told the guests, required idealism and magnetism. Both qualities, he felt, Mr. Muir had.

Canon Middleton presented Mr. Muir with the first copy of the second edition of his book on Indian chiefs and with a necklace of bear claws made by Chief Mountain Horse and taken from the Middleton family collection.

The history of the Blackfoot federation—which includes the Blackfoot, Blood, Peigan and South Peigan tribes—was traced briefly by James J. Flaherty of Great Falls, Mont.

### Biggest Reserve:

It was in 1754, according to Mr. Flaherty, that the first white man saw Indians on horseback. He noted the vast changes that had taken place among the Bloods in 200 years. Their reservation now, he said, is the largest in acreage in Canada. On it live 2,200 members of the tribe. They have nearly 6,000 head of Hereford cattle.

Much of the credit, he felt, must go to the "wise and courageous leaders" who had guided the tribe through its change from a warrior nation to its present stage.

"I think we have to admit they've come a long way," Ralph Ragan, superintendent of the Blood Reserve for the dominion government's Indian affairs branch, said.

In the last three years, Mr. Ragan pointed out, the Bloods have constructed over 60 permanent homes on the reservation. In addition, he noted, they have one of the best seed-cleaning plants in Southern Alberta, and their own road building and maintenance machinery.



*R. D. Ragan*

He admitted there were still problems to be faced, but said these were a challenge. He urged the Kainai chieftains to "get their teeth into these problems and see what we can do to correct them in the next few years."



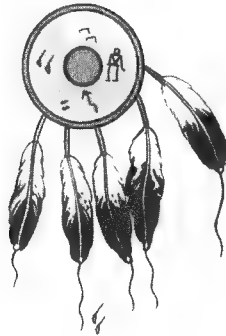
*Canon Middleton presents Mr. Muir with the first copy off the press of "Indian Chiefs Ancient and Modern" (the James Muir edition, 1954).*



*Honorary Chief Eagle Ribs, host at dinner, proposes a toast to "The Redmen, Past, Present and Future". Canon Middleton is seated at his left.*



# THE REDMEN, PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE



Responding to the toast proposed by Mr. Muir, Canon Middleton said in part:

Mr. Toastmaster, Fellow Chiefs and Friends:

After such a flattering reception and such a banquet as this, it would be difficult for any man to find in his vocabulary words to express the feelings in his heart.

But I must thank you, fellow Chieftain, for the kind words you have uttered, and I thank this good-natured gathering for having listened to them with so many tokens of assent and approbation.

To me, however, it seems a little strange that, in one Toast, two so very dissimilar professions should be

associated. I suppose it is partly because one preaches and the other practises. There are many functions that are performed in common. Bankers are usually men fore-handed . . . Parsons are men generally empty-handed. Bankers form important pillars in the structure of the Church. Parsons are appointed often to go forth to councils and associations, and a delegate is always sent with them. The object of the delegate is to keep the Parson sober, and to pay his expenses. They are a very useful set of men in the Church.

We are here tonight as a group of representative citizens from the east and west, and from north and south, Chiefs of diverse origins, where the artificial barriers of politics, religion and churches are forgotten. We are supreme in happy fellowship when tolerance becomes a virtue. It is a happy omen for the future.

The Toast to which I am responding, is "The Redmen, Past, Present and Future."

Tonight I am forcibly reminded of the words of the Orillia poet, when he wrote:—

"Our footsteps tread where centuries ago,  
the Redmen fought and conquered, lost and won."



Within a stone's throw of this Banquet Hall, the last Indian battle of the West was fought between the Crees and the Bloods.

I have in my possession a weird rawhide token of that historic fight.

It is an effigy of a Cree Indian with two incisions cut through the body. It was given to me by Calf Chief many years ago, and represents his victory of taking two scalps.



Those were great days for the Indian. I like to make the contrast of three periods of Indian life—the age of Romance—the age of Evolution—the age of Progress.

### *The age of romance*

It has been my privilege to spend several decades amongst the Redmen of the West. During the early days I sat by the hour with the Indians in their tepees and rude log-houses. I listened patiently to their story of bygone days; of their feuds with other tribes; the glamorous details of the buffalo hunt; the thrilling and hair-raising escapades of the war trail; the courageous exploits of young braves in capturing maidens from the Crows and Kutenais.

Permeating all this was the soothing aroma of kinna-kinik, as the pipe passed around the mystic circle, when many a former Brave would recount his sacrificial deeds at the Sun Dance. Always one heard the lament over the end of those days of untrammelled freedom, and of the passing of their friend and supporter—the Buffalo. Such was Romance personified.

### *The age of evolution*

The signing of Treaty Number Seven in 1877 was the



most decisive feature in the history of the Blood Indians. For centuries past the Indian had ruled, owned and fought over a small empire. Throughout this vast area roamed thousands of buffalo, which afforded him adequate food, clothing and shelter. The white man decimated the herds of buffalo, and thus left the Indian a stranger in a far stranger land. Before he placed his mark "X" on the Treaty he was a warrior, a hunter and a plainsman. After signing, he was reduced to a mere suppliant minor, dependent on government relief. His era of romance had come to an untimely and lamentable end. During several decades or more he was derelict, having nowhere to go and nothing to do.

At the turn of the century the West was quite young, and frontier simplicity prevailed. All unconsciously the Indian was being transplanted from primeval traditions and background to the complexities of a modern civilization for which he was totally unprepared. The unbounded prairie and wide open spaces, which had been his heritage, were fast being restricted and circumscribed by barbed wire fences. Shacks were being erected on every half section. No longer could he ride straight as the crow flies, but was forced to travel over devious trails marked by section lines. Small towns were rising at every vantage point and railway lines were piercing his ancient domain.

He was not prepared for this avalanche of white penetration with the ensuing restrictions of law, legalities and personal rights. And in consequence, being an enforced

member of a small minority, he retired to his lawful reserve and pondered with his confused tribesmen over the eventual outcome of his ever darkening and oppressive future. Education, religion, progress and advancement were foreign to his mental understanding, as all savoured too much of the white man's doctrine. He became wary, watching carefully every suggested move, and pondering rigorously the validity of every progressive endeavour.

### *The age of progress*

Now let me pass on to the Age of Progress. After four decades of intensive specialized teaching, the Indians have attained the height of modern sophistication. The only hope for students in the past was "back to the blanket," but now owing to Church, departmental and personal influences, evolution has become their accepted creed. Current literature and daily newspapers are read and discussed in many homes. Electric lights and shower baths have long since entered into their domain, the latter contrasting strangely with the original tepees, buffalo robes and willow-roofed sweat baths.

Today the Blood Indian is still forging ahead, mentally and physically. Graduates from the schools on the reserve are scattered across the continent, holding positions of trust and responsibility in Toronto, New York, Minneapolis, Calgary, Edmonton, Victoria, Bermuda, and even in far-flung New Zealand. Nurses, stenographers and artists have measured up to the standard of potential Canadian citizenship.



*Chief Eagle Ribs*

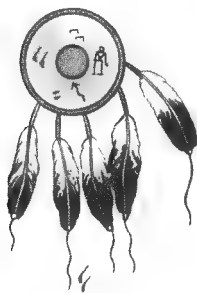
Before closing, I must pay tribute to our worthy host—Chief Eagle Ribs—and to change the scene I give you this well known quotation from Longfellow:—

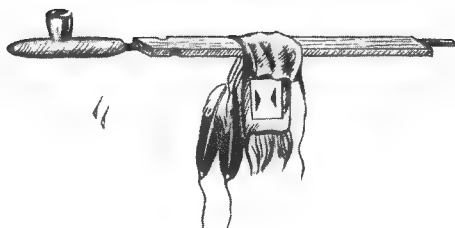
“Ships that pass in the night, and speak  
each other in passing,  
Only a signal shown, and a distant voice  
in the darkness.  
So on the ocean of life we pass and speak  
one another.”

It is indeed strange how things occur. Because Mr. Muir is the HUMAN sort of person he is—and because he occupies a position in which he has the opportunity and authority to give way to his kind human impulses—his Bank was able to exert its influence to assist the cause of Canadian Indians, some seven years ago, at an important juncture in Indian history.

The Joint Committee of the Senate and House of Commons was sitting at the time. The people of Canada were, on the whole, uninformed about the problems associated with Indian Affairs. So The Royal Bank, which had turned under Mr. Muir's direction from the stereotyped commercial type of Monthly Letter to one far more

social and human, issued a 3,000 word essay on *The Canadian Indians*. I was glad to have the opportunity of sending that Monthly Letter of Mr. Muir's bank to a thousand people throughout Canada who I thought might be interested.





Mr. Muir's bank gave me the copies free of charge, and even printed for me a covering letter in which I said:—

“This is a revelation of the still un-met obligations of White people everywhere in the Dominion, and a sincere contribution by a big modern Institution to the welfare of Canada's native race.”

It is a great privilege to welcome Mr. Muir into the ranks of Kainai Chieftainship. He brings to our midst the standing of being a world citizen. He has been honoured by Universities, he has been made “Freeman” of his native burgh in Scotland, and he holds many important positions throughout Canada.

While attaining this height of integrity and wisdom, he has been endowed with two great attributes—Idealism and Magnetism. One is of no use without the other. His magnetism of leadership has become welded with the ideals of truth and justice.

A striking parallel of Mr. Muir's character is given by John Drinkwater in his famous “Abraham Lincoln.”

Lincoln enters the scene and says “I am rather tired



today, Slaney. Read to me a little . . . The Tempest—you know the passage:—

‘Our revels now are ended. These our actors  
Are melted into air, into thin air:  
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;  
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on; and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.’  
And so the uncounted spirit wakes  
To the birth  
Of uncounted circumstance.  
And time in a generation makes  
Portents majestic—a little story of earth  
To be told by chance—  
Around a fire-side.  
But the ardours that they bear,  
The proud and invincible motions of character—  
In *James Muir*—these—THESE ABIDE.”



May I, in closing, paraphrase an Indian—  
Canadian Toast.

Here's to the days that are coming—  
And here's to the days that are gone.  
While I drink your HEALTH—YOURSELF—  
and WEALTH—  
And the things that will yet be done!

Then here's to YOU—My CHIEFTAIN—  
In wine of the bonniest hue—  
With a *hand on my HIP*—and a *cup at my LIP*  
And a LOVE IN MY HEART for YOU !  
For you are a JOLLY GOOD FELLOW  
With a great big heart I know—  
So I give this TOAST—to OUR GENIAL HOST—  
PIT-TA-PI-KIS  
Chief Eagle Ribs  
HERE'S TO YOU !



*The medicine pipe passes from the Head Chief to his minor  
chiefs and the new Honorary Chief.*



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